

TO SANIKKI

OR THE

LOG OF A
JAPANESE
JOURNEY

TRANSLATED BY
FLORA BEST
HARRIS



KYOBUNKWAN
T.O.K.Y.O





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LOG OF A JAPANESE JOURNEY

FROM THE PROVINCE OF IZUMI
TO THE CAPITAL



BY TSURAYUKI
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY TOSHIO AOKI



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[1910]

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
1887

To My Mother
This Fragment of Brief Study
In Other Days
Is Lovingly Dedicated



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Tsurayuki, one of the classical writers of old Japan, was born near the close of the 9th, and died about the middle of the 10th Century. The family to which he belonged, claimed royal descent, and his personal history is remarkable for the political honors conferred upon him as well as for the fame which he justly earned by the "divine right" of genius.

While no one questions his claim to distinction as poet and critic, students of Japanese literature owe him an especial debt of gratitude. In an age when scholars were neglecting their own beautiful tongue to write in stilted Chinese, the wiser poet chose the native language treasured by the daughters of his land, as a fitting vehicle for his thoughts.

His humorous pretence of veiling his personality in feminine garments, is a conceit not unknown in the West, but my Oriental bias leads me to fancy that it proves "a better jest" in his hands than among our own humorists. The simple chronicle of his voyage from the Province of Tosa to the Capital, penned in woman's language, became one of the classics of ancient literature.

The appended translation of the "Tosa Nikki" was first printed many years ago, through the courtesy of the Editor of the "Japan Mail." A master himself in the Japanese language, he accepted the work of a mere

novice in "things Japanese," with all its necessary imperfections.

About the time the last paragraphs were placed in the printer's hands, a ship bore away the writer from the land of Tsurayuki. An enforced absence from Japan of nearly a quarter of a century prevented continued work, and the little beginnings made in classical study slipped away like a dream: otherwise the quaint Diary would long ago have been revised. In 1891, the translation was published by the firm of Flood and Vincent, in the United States, to preserve it in more permanent form and with a vague hope that in default of a better qualified translator there, at leisure for such service, the rough version of a famous classic might call attention to a literature almost ignored in my country.

The little volume is now out of print, and although Dr. Aton has preserved its substance in his fascinating "History of Japanese Literature," I venture to offer the "Diary" in a form which it is hoped may prove of some service to students.

To Prof. Bessho of Aoyama Gakuin, I am indebted for valuable criticism and assistance in a partial revision of the book. It is not claimed that the translation is literal: it is only as nearly so as the difference between modern English and classical Japanese permit: and the writer is painfully conscious that the atmosphere of Old Japan has somehow vanished from its pages.

Only a master of ancient Japanese could transfer by

paraphrase to our direct Anglo-Saxon speech the graceful simplicity of Tsurayuki's prose in this fragment of another age.

Criticism of the original is almost as difficult : in fact, all purely Japanese literary work of the olden time is so simple in form as to disarm criticism. The would-be censor is beguiled by its delicate charm into longing for some rugged turn of phrase, or manner, to break its sweet monotony.

If students will give thought to it, however, I think they will find in it something of the half-elusive fragrance of the snowy plum blossom which Japanese poets delight to celebrate. Indeed, the classical literature of Old Japan, in its fragile loveliness, may be called the white "plum flower" of Oriental letters.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

Log of a Japanese Journey

Notwithstanding the fact that I am a woman, I mean to try to write a journal, just as men do.

It chanced that, in a certain year on the 21st day of the twelfth month, at the hour of the Dog,* I set forth upon the journey which furnishes me an occasion for keeping this diary.

A certain person who had, for a number of years, served as governor (of Tosa), being released from his official position, duly settled his accounts, and winding up all affairs pertaining to his governorship, quitted his old home in order to take ship for the capital.

A large number of persons, some of whom are unknown to him, as well as many whom he knows, have flocked to witness his departure.

Among these are some whose kindly offices have for a long time been employed in his behalf, and their regret at parting is full of sincerity.

All these friends have been at infinite pains and trouble to assist him in a variety of ways.

* "Hour of the Dog" was about 8 p. m.

22d Day, Twelfth Month.—The gods have, to-day, been supplicated for the favor of safe passage from Tosa to the Idzumi country.

Fujiwara no Tokizane called to make his parting salutations to the late governor, bringing with him gifts to serve as "*Uma no hanamuke*,"* albeit the intended journey is to be made by ship.

Officers, both of high and low degree, indulged so freely in the wine cup, at the feast which he furnished, that all became intoxicated; and, truly, a merry wassail was made on the beach, as the company frolicked here and there in the wildest gaiety.

23rd—Yagi no Yasunori, a personage of much consequence, called to-day to make his farewell compliments. As this gentleman is not in the service of his country, I believe that his parting gifts were made with honest sincerity. For some reason, possibly my own unworthiness, ordinary people ordinarily do not call upon me, at present; but one of true heart refuses to follow the example of others. I do not thus praise him because of

* Parting gifts. Literally presents made to a guest when the nose of his horse was turned toward another destination. "*Uma*" (horse,) "*hana*" (nose,) "*mukeru*" (to turn toward.) In ancient times, the farefull present was a horse.

the gifts he brought, but from my appreciation of his character.

24th.—To-day, the priest in charge of Kokubunji,* came bearing presents for the governor. In fact, he brought materials for a great feast, and danced all the ship's company, down to the children, plied the wine cup so freely that they marched and danced about in their intoxication, even that ignorant of a single character, describing the character ten (+) with their staggering feet!

25th.—A letter was received to-day from the governor's successor, requesting the favor of a visit, and in compliance with this invitation, the departing officer sought his house. There, all day and until far into the night, a great variety of festivities and amusements were provided for the entertainment of the guest.

26th.—This was also spent by the late governor at his successor's house amid many pleasant diversions. No pains were spared by the latter in entertaining him, and even his retainers were abundantly supplied with gifts.

* "Formerly, each province contained a temple called 'Kokubunji,' the priests in charge being appointed from Kyōto." Such, in brief, is the comment of the editor of Tsurayuki' journal,

Chinese poetry was composed on the occasion ; and the late governor as well as the newly appointed one, together with a number of others, made Japanese verses. I will not transcribe the Chinese poems, but append a stanza composed by his Excellency. the new governor :

“ When from the capital I sped,
The chiefest joys that came to me,
Were thoughts that I should meet with thee ;
But what avails it to my heart,
Since thus, alas ! we meet to part ? ”

A poem produced by the departing officer runs as follows :

“ I thought none other like myself
Should come and go
Afar upon the billows' path
Of crested snow ;
But thine the fate like mine to roam,
Thus to and fro.”

I will not quote any of the various stanzas composed by other members of the company.

Suffice it to say that, at length, with varied and interesting conversation, the two officers passed to the entrance, indulging in much reciprocal clasping of hands.

Many of their parting utterances were exceedingly amusing, owing to the fact that both were somewhat maudlin from over-conviviality.

27th.—To-day oars were put in motion toward Mato, and the good ship set forth from Otsu in Tosa province.

About the time of this departure, the late governor's little daughter, born in Kyoto, and his companion, in the journey to the province, died very suddenly, and in sore distress over his recent loss, heart and courage fail him. While his retainers are eager at the prospect of returning to the capital, he alone remains plunged in melancholy silence.

The anticipated arrival in Kyoto has lost its charm for him ; for once there, sad memory will recall this one fact alone : " My child is no longer with me."

Those in attendance on the bereaved father suffer in sympathy with him, knowing that his anguish is a reality beyond any doubt, and that the affliction is well-nigh unbearable.

Touching this sorrowful event, a certain person composed some lines which read as follows :

“ Toward far Miyako turning
 Thought moves with eager yearning ;
 Yet grief blends with our lot,
 For *one* returneth not.

At another time the same person produced the following poem :

“ Sometimes forgetful that my vanished darling
 Is with the dead,
 I deem her somewhere gone instead,
 And ask, ‘ Where is she ? ’ ask in vain,
 O cruel Pain ! ”

While these poetic musings were claiming attention, the brother of the new Governor, together with some others, overtook the ship. They brought with them wine and other dainties for our refreshment ; and seated on the shore, the company talked about the difficulty of parting and kindred topics ; while the former Governor’s retainers whispered among themselves, saying, “ These newcomers are surely men with sincere hearts !

All felt diffident about drawing from their lips, the heavy net with its freight of words.* How-

* An allusion to a net with its haul of fish—*funny* not “ wingéd words.”

ever, at last, by dint of uniting their strength they succeeded in bearing the heavy burden and produced the following :—

“ As flock the wild ducks mid the reeds and rushes,
Thus have we hither sped, an eager throng,
“ To stay him in his course—our friend regretted—
For whom we long.”

This all applauded as a fine effort. Then he who was departing composed a stanza :

“ Though we thrust the oar in the ocean-wave,
We cannot fathom the deep below,
And yet behold
The great sea-depths of your hearts we know.
Your kindness all untold ! ”

While thus the friends held poetic converse, the rude seamen having guzzled as much wine as possible, and not, in the least, comprehending their sorrows, said,—“ We must ply the oar, and get the ship on her way. The tide is high, and fair. Winds will blow from this time on.” So we all went on board. Before separating some sang Chinese songs suitable for the occasion and although we were in the West, others sang for us various songs of the East Country.*

* Koshin, probably, is meant by the “ East Country.”

The voices rendering these songs were, in truth, so full of melody that the very dust was shaken from the roof of the ship's cabin ; and the clouds in heaven paused in their course at the sound, gently swaying to and fro.

Having stopped to-night at a place called Urato, our two friends, Fujiwara no Tokisane and Tashibana no Suyehira, succeeded in overtaking the ship.

28th.—To-day it was planned that the ship should proceed to the port called Ominato.

The son of the returning governor's predecessor resides in Urato, and came on board to visit us with gifts of wine and a variety of other refreshments.

Thus furnished with a banquet, the company ate, drank, and made merry; while the ship moved on her way, at length arriving at her destined port.

29th.—Still in the same port (that is Ominato).

A physician of the place favored us with a present of wine together with the flavoring known as Toso.*

* A compound containing cinnamon and various other spices.

I think the man's heart must be an exceedingly kind one.

1st Day, First Month.—New Year's day ; but the ship still remains in the same place. Expecting to make use of the spicy flavor provided for our wine, it had been fastened on the roof of the cabin at nights, but the wind happening to rise, it was carried away, and lost in the sea. Besides, as this place is in the rural regions, we were not able to purchase potatoes, rice cakes, or edible seaweed ; so that our only feast was soup* made with the fish called "ai" dried and pressed ; and with this as a relish we sipped our wine.

No doubt the ai, as he entered our lips, thought to himself :

"How luckless am I to be saluted by the lips of ancients like these !"

We on our part thought only of Kyoto with longings in which regret was mingled. "I wonder," we said to each other, "how it is in Kyoto to day. Are the decorations of straw

* A play on the word "suimono" (soup) and the verb "sui" (to sip) occurs here ; but, as elsewhere in the translation, these puns are necessarily omitted.

rope,* the Nayoshi's head, holly, and the like displayed before the Imperial Gateway?"

2nd.—The ship still remains in this port; but, fortunately, we received to-day from a good priest, a number of dainty articles in the way of food.

3rd.—Here, yet, in this place; and every day it is just the same thing. The fact that the wind remains unfavorable, and keeps on saying "Pray, stay awhile longer," as if sorry to part with us, is a most annoying circumstance.

4th.—As the wind does not favor us, we cannot proceed.

Masatsura (of Tosa) visited us, the bearer of wine and other good cheer. A great number have thus brought presents; but I have not made any return, there being nothing suitable on the ship. In this way we have had an agreeable and lively time, but, not having anything to bestow in return, I find myself in quite a dilemma.

5th.—As wind and wave do not cease, we still

* The straw rope seen at the entrance of Japanese houses at the "New Year" season, and protecting them from unwelcome evil spirits, is too well known to need mention; but the fish called "nayoshi," it may be remarked, was a kind of mullet.

remain in the same port, and people come constantly to visit us.

6th.—To-day it is just the same as yesterday.

7th.—Still in this harbor. We chanced to remember that to-day is a festival, and thought how white horses* are being presented to his Majesty the Emperor.

As for us, our eyes gaze upon the white waves of the sea alone.

A person living at a place called Iké favored us, to-day, with a present of fish.

There was quite a variety of river and sea fish, and among them some "funa,"† but no "koi."‡ They were brought in great quantities, stored in long boxes, which were borne by a regular retinue of servants.

There was, also, a present of young greens, and a pheasant with a spray of plum-blossoms attached. By this we were made aware that this is the seventh day of the New Year.

* In ancient times it was the custom on the 7th day of every New Year to bring before the Emperor the white horses which were his especially prized possession.

† "Funa," a kind of river fish; ‡ "koi," the well-known, much-prized carp.

Accompanying the presents was the stanza appended :

“ The moors are thickly covered
 With springing grasses green.
 In sooth, from out this ‘ Iké,’*
 Where water ne’er is seen,
 These early shoots of tender herbs,
 I sought to glean.”

Thus our visitor graciously condescended to favor us with these presents and the stanza that accompanied them for all of which the writer expressed her exceeding gratitude. (This “Ike,” by the way, is the name of a place).

The donor of the gifts is the daughter of a noble gentleman of rank ; and having become the wife of a person belonging to this part of the country resides here at present.

The good cheer was distributed among the ship’s company, even the children receiving their share, and a great feast was made at which all indulged to satiety. The vulgar sailors, in fact, made drums of their overfull stomachs, and

* An untranslatable play on the word “Iké”—name of a place—and “iké” the word for pond, is the *idea*, if such it may be called, of this effort “to drop into poetry.”

went about beating them and sporting in such fashion as to startle old ocean itself; so that the waves rose high in alarm at their pranks. While they were in this frolicsome mood, many and varied were the amusing things that enlivened the occasion.

To-day, also, some one whose name I have forgotten, but which I will write down when recalled, brought for our behoof a box containing luncheon. . . . He evidently came intending to make a poetic effort, and being sorry on our account that wind and waves were so unpropitious as he gazed upon the rising billows, this poem was the outcome of his musings :

As ye speed o'er ocean sweeping
Louder than the white waves leaping
With their roar, my voic of weeping,
While I linger far behind."

In good sooth, I laugh as I think what an unconscionably loud voice his must need be. I do not know, and cannot affirm definitely, whether his poetry and the viands he gave us were good or not. Everybody exclaimed, "A fine poem!" but nobody made any effort to compose one in response

to it. . . . What with eating and drinking the cheer provided for us, night wore on, until it grew quite late, and the author of the poem, then took leave, saying,—“I will again have the pleasure of calling upon you.”

The child of a certain passenger on the ship said, just after this gentleman's departure, “I'll make a poem in reply.” Her parents much surprised answered, “An amusing tale you tell us, indeed! If you can compose a stanza, do so at once.” “We will stop the person who has just taken his leave,” added they; but he was not to be found having already gone some distance, no doubt.

Although the little girl had really made a stanza, she bashfully refused to repeat it at first; but, at length, after strong urging on the part of her friends, uttered words to this effect:

“From the sleeve of the departing,
From the sleeve of those who stay,
Floweth down a stream of tear-drops—
Well-a-day!
'Tis these tears—I can but think—
(Not the brine of surf and spray)
Bathing thus the ocean's brink.”

Whether these lines are intrinsically so interest-

ing, or whether they seem meritorious only to me, because composed by my own dear child, I do not know. In my opinion they are unusually good, not only for a child ; but if composed by a grown woman, would do her no discredit. Whether it would be well or ill to give them to the person who has lately left us, I cannot determine ; at all events I have corrected the poem and laid it away.

8th.—As there is still some obstacle to our departure, to-day finds us in the same place.

This evening the moon is exquisitely beautiful, and seems, as she hangs shining in the night-sky, as if about to plunge into the wave-furrowed waters. Gazing upon this scene, there came to my mind the works of the poet, Narihira :

“ O ye mountain-peaks, flee backward,
Yield no covert to the moon ! ” etc.

If Narihira should compose a poem at sea, thought I, it would read thus :

“ O ye crested waves up-climbing,
Yield no entrance to the moon ! ”

Musing in this wise, the following stanza formed itself in my mind :

"I can but fancy as I gaze
 Upon the moon's resplendent light,
 That these, its ocean-blended rays,
 Are signs that yon Celestial River*
 Hath source in seas of upper height
 (And that the moon mistakenly,
 Makes haste to seek our lower sea)."†

9th day.—We arose early this morning, expecting to reach the place called Nawa, to-day.

Many persons had accompanied us thus far on our journey. Among them were Fujiwara no Tokizane, Tachibana Suyehira. Hasebei no Yukimasa, and others. From the time of our leaving the governor's residence they followed our course and overtook the ship at various places ; and, of a truth, the depth of their kindness seems to me greater than the depth of the sea.

To-day we all parted from each other for the last time ; and, leaving behind the host of friends who had come for the purpose of bidding us farewell, the sailors gradually rowed the ship away from the shore, till at length the forms standing there grew indistinct and were lost to view in the

* Name applied to the Milky Way.

† The lines in parenthesis contain the implied meaning or the "reading between the lines," in this stanza.

distance, while, no doubt, we upon the ship were also hidden from their gaze.

They have words, perhaps, that they long to speak to us, and we, too have thoughts which we would express to them ; but there is no longer any opportunity. Pondering in this wise over the matter, I composed the following lines.

“ Ah ! They know not, undiscerning
(Since there is no shape or sign),
That our hearts, in sorrow yearning,
Seek them crossing o'er the brine.”

The ship has been passing in her course to-day the pine groves of Uda. I know neither the number of these pines nor their age ; but the scene along the shores is indeed an enchanting one. White waves beat with mellow music against the deep widespreading roots of the pines, while storks flit sportively hither and thither from bough to bough.

Inspired by the wonderful beauty of the scene, the master of the ship composed the stanza :

“ I note, while far my gaze doth roam,
How in the top of every pine
A stork hath made its home.
And thus, methinks, each unto each appears
The friend and comrade of a thousand years.”

The scene is so fair that these lines utterly fail in describing its loveliness; and while we gazed and gazed upon it, the ship was borne onward in her course, and the sun went down leaving sea and mountain alike hid in darkness. The gloom deepened till night hung so darkly around us that we could not tell the east from the west; and, as we knew nothing of the weather, could only confide ourselves to the helmsman.

Even men unaccustomed to life on shipboard felt timid, and it is not to be wondered at that the women and children, lying with their heads down in the hold of the ship, should have been greatly alarmed. It seemed fearful enough to me; but the helmsman and sailors sang songs as the ship went on, apparently finding no cause for dismay. The following is one of the songs:

“ Out on the wild, spring moorlands.

I cried with the hurt and sting

Of the stiff ribbon-grass that cut my hands;

And now for the greens I bring,

Will my parents give me aught, I wonder,

Or will my gleanings go

To make a feast for my mother-in-law,

I'm sure I'd like to know.

* * * * *

Shall I go back?—I'd like to see him—
 The lad that I met last night,
 I'd dun him well for the money he owes me
 (The miserable little wight);
 For he told me a lie, and he won't come near
 'To pay me or make it right."

The sailors sang many more songs, but I will not transcribe them here. The ship's company, amused at the quaint words, laughed heartily; so that, in spite of the tempestuous sea, their hearts found means of solace and cheer. Passing the time thus, by degrees the vessel made her way to her destined harbor, albeit the sun had long gone down, and she was much belated.

An old man and woman have suffered more from seasickness than any others of our number, being obliged to lie down constantly, and unable to eat anything.

10th day.—The ship has remained to-day in the port of Nawa.

11th day.—Rising at dawn, this morning, the crew put their oars in motion, intending to proceed as far as Murotsu to-day.

All the passengers were asleep when the ship started. The sailors themselves could see nothing

of the sea and its condition. They saw only the moon; and knowing thus which was east and which was west, urged the vessel on her way.

Thus progressing, the morning broke, and rising we washed our hands and faces, ate breakfast, and went through the usual routine. By this time, day was fully upon us, and at length we reached a place called Hané. One of the children hearing the name, said, "I shouldn't wonder if this place were like the wing (*hané*) of a bird." As the child was but a little creature, those who heard the speech laughed over it and thought it very charming. Whereupon the little one said: "I'll make a verse about it.

" If this place is like its name,
And a wing, just as they say,
Then I wish it would fly and take us
Home to Kyoto far away."

As both men and women on board were very anxious to reach the capital, although the stanza was not a good one, they did not forget it; but treasured it up in their hearts as something quite interesting.

On hearing the child's artless question in regard to the place called "Hane," memory recalled my

own lost darling, and the thought of her would not leave me. Remembering how the child had accompanied us from the capital to Tosa when the governor went to the province, and how on our return we number one less, the grief of a mother's heart was to-day even greater than usual. As reads an old-time song :

“ Toward the far northern land
 Wild geese are flying,
 'Mid their sky journeyings
 Mournfully crying.
 Ah ! It must be that sore
 Is their fond yearning
 O'er one that hither came,
 Now unreturning,
 Here on this alien shore,
 Lost to them evermore !” *

Moved by the memory of this song and personal grief, the writer composed these words :

“ Regrets there are full many.
 Ah me ! but none so sore
 As the pang of sorrow for a child
 Whose little life is o'er.”

* A comment says that a wife, bereaved of her husband in her provincial home, composed those lines while returning to the capital, as she heard the cry of the wild geese in their flight.

12th—There has been no rain to-day. As the ship has been belated, Fumitoki Koreshige came from Narashitsu to Murotsu, thus overtaking us.

13th.—It rained a little, this morning, about daybreak, but afterward ceased altogether, so that men and women one and all went out on shore in search of places suitable for taking baths. The writer noting the appearance of sky and sea, made this stanza :

“ Cloud-mist and sea are all mingled together,
Thus bewildering me :
Were a fish-wife but here I would ask her to tell
Which is cloud—which is sea.”

To-day, for the first time since we went on board ship, we donned our scarlet robes ; for while at sea we were fearful lest the gods, who are fond of red bright-colored apparel, should take them away from us.

As it is now past the tenth of the month, the light of the moon is exceedingly beautiful.

14th.—As it rained at dawn, we remained here in the same place. In spite of the fact that there is no food on board suitable for occasions of

religious abstinence, the master of the ship endeavored to observe the day properly. His observance, however, came to an end at the hour of the horse* owing to his lack of fast-day food. Besides the sailors had succeeded in catching a large "tai",† yesterday.

As there is no money on board, he obtained it in exchange for some rice, a mode of purchase often practiced on the ship. Another fish of the same sort was afterward caught, in return for which we gave wine and rice to the crew; so that they did not feel in a very bad humor over their bargain.

15th.—To-day, we could not make gruel of rice and azuki,‡ to celebrate the New Year's season. Much to our regret the weather proved unfavorable and the ship did not proceed. We have now been on shipboard for more than twenty days; and our only occupation is prolong-

* That is, noon.

† Tsurayuki, as a Buddhist, should have abstained from "fish and flesh" on that day but no doubt the capture of a delicious fish proved too tempting, and the want of "fast-day food" furnished an excuse.

‡ A small red bean.

ed gazing at the sea. In reference to this, my little daughter composed a stanza :

For this favorable weather the ship's company rejoicingly gave thanks to the gods.

“ Wind and wave rise up together,
Wind and wave sit down together.
I think they must be
Comrades or friends very near to each other,
‘These winds and waves of the sea.’”

Although composed by a person of but little importance, the lines themselves are certainly entertaining.

16th.—As wind and wave have not gone down, we are still in the same place. “When are the winds and waves going to subside, and we to pass this cape?” This is theme of our thoughts and wonderings ; but nevertheless there seems no likelihood of calmer seas and less violent winds at present.

Under these circumstances some one, looking out upon the billows as they rose aloft, composed these lines :

‘Tis said that, on the sea-wave's crest,
Even the hoar-frost may not rest ;

And yet, I trow,
Amid these billows is falling *snow*."

Well, from the time we first went on shipboard up to the present, it is now just twenty-five days.

17th.—This morning there was not a cloud ; and day dawn, blended with the light of the moon, was exceedingly beautiful. All being thus favorable, the ship proceeded on her way ; and wondrously fair to see, in truth, were the blue spaces above and the blue seas beneath us. The outlook brought to mind these words by one of the olden time :

"Rudely the oar of the boatman pierces the moon in the billows ;
Forcibly presses the ship on the skies in the ocean beneath her." *

This poem was one heard long ago, and unregarded at the time. A certain person also composed a stanza :

"As the ship glides over the moon far beneath her,
Down in the depths of the sea,
What opposes the stroke of her oar can be only
The boughs of the Katsura-tree." †

* These lines are attributed to a famous Chinese poet—

† Though the genii in the moon are always cutting this tree, it has an immortal fashion of springing up fresh again.

On hearing this, another composed the following :

“ As I see the moon's reflection glow,
Down in the billows far below,
We seem to cross the arching heavens
Amid the sea
Ah ! Sorrowful that thought to me ! ”

While we were indulging in these poetic pastimes the day had fully dawned. However the sailors said to us : “ A black cloud has just come up, and we are likely to have a gale. We must turn the ship back.”

During our return to the former anchorage the rain descended with violence, so that the ship's company knew not what to do and were in sore distress.

18th.—Still in the same place. The sea being rough to-day, the ship did not go out.

The scenery along this part of the coast is very picturesque ; but owing to seasickness, we take little note of the beauty around us. The men on board are probably amusing themselves by composing Chinese poetry.

As the ship did not proceed to-day, one of the

company, feeling exceedingly dismal, produced the following :

“ Unregarding the years or the months in their season,
Ceaseless evermore,
Fast fall the snowflakes mid wind-driven breakers
That dash on the shore.”

This stanza was a chance production by one but little given to poetic efforts. Another person composed these lines :

“ Mid the wind-driven billows that break
On the seashore, the blossoms awake ;
But spring and the nightingale bide all unknowing
That flowers are blowing.”

On hearing these stanzas, the old man who is master of the ship considered them quite good ; and in order to beguile the tedium of the time and forget the long months of misery on shipboard, he himself likewise made an attempt at poetry.

“ Whether the crests of the rising billows
Are blossomig flowers or falling snows,
I can not tell ; but I know full well
’Tis the driving wind that thus deceives us,
Beguiling us as it blows.”

Hearing the stir made about the various poems, some one among the company, thinking it

all very interesting, composed a stanza containing thirty-seven syllables ; but his listeners were unable to conceal their mirth over his production and were ready to break out in laughter, whereat the verse-maker appeared to feel considerable indignation.

However much I might endeavor to fix the words of his stanza in my mind just as he uttered them, the attempt would be useless ; and I am sure, if I should try to repeat it to any one, my listener would not understand it. If to-day, even, it is so difficult for me to transcribe the poem properly, it is quite certain that after a while I shall not be able to divine its meaning when I read it over : and for this reason I leave it unwritten.

19th.—As it is a bad day the ship has not put out to sea.

20th.—To-day like yesterday, the ship did not go out and all on board felt greatly annoyed and ill at ease. The sole concern of the passengers is the flight of time. "What is to-day ? Is it the 20th ? the 30th ?" Such are the constant queries ; and, actually, they bend their fingers so often in counting the days that these members are

getting injured in the process. In fact, this delay is exceedingly disagreeable, and we are scarcely able to sleep for thinking about it. . . . To-night we saw the moon of the 20th appearing as if from the sea, for no mountains were to be seen. So interesting a sight recalled to me a poem of olden time, composed by Abe no Nakamaro when quitting China on his return voyage to Japan.

At the place where he was to take ship, the people gathered on the shore with their farewell gifts, regretful at parting, and composed Chinese songs and poems, nor could they be satisfied until the late-rising moon of the 20th night appeared

The moon arose as if from the waves, and gazing on the scene, he uttered these words :—

“Poetry is the same, be it Japanese or Chinese. From the distant age of the gods even until now, whenever regretful farewells have been said, in seasons of sorrow, in times of rejoicing, men of high estate, of middle rank, and of low degree alike have been accustomed to express their feelings through the medium of verse.

So saying he composed the lines to which I refer :

“ As I turn my vision, gazing
 O'er the broad blue plains of azure—
 Yonder open sea—
 Comes the thought to me
 How the moon in far Kasuga
 Sheds her light,
 Poised above Mikasa's height.”

Then as the people of China speak a different language, he wrote the words in Chinese characters; and, showing them to an interpreter, bade him explain the meaning, which pleased the listeners to an extent quite beyond the poet's expectation.

Although China and Japan are different lands with different languages, seeing that the brightness of the moon awakens kindred emotions in their people, I think their hearts must be the same.

Recalling thus these matters of olden days, a certain person produced the following :

“ In far Miyako I have seen,
 Mid crested hills the moon's fair sheen ;
 But as she rises now in brightness from the main,
 Methinks she needs must sink beneath its waves again.

21st.—This morning, at the hour of the Hare,*

* About sunrise—at that time, probably 6 a. m.

our vessel put out to sea, and many other ships having also collected here, the whole fleet went out together. The scene was such as one would fancy it might be if the foliage of autumnal groves lay scattered over the seas of spring.

It seemed as though the fair weather had come in answer to our prayers to the gods. The glorious sun advanced in his course, clear and serene, and not a breath of wind blew as the ships were gradually rowed upon their way.

There chanced to be a child on board, who had begged the privilege of serving Tsurayuki and was accompanying the party from Tosa to Kyoto. This child composed the following stanza :

“ The farther we travel
The longer my eyes
Turn back where in distance
My own country lies.
My father, my mother—
How can I forbear ?
Oh ! I want to go back
When I think of them there.”

At these words I felt sincerely grieved on the child's account ; while listening to them a large flock of cormorants settled on a rock which the

billows were approaching in their snowy whiteness, and seeing this the helmsman cried :

“ Look yonder ! The white waves gather just beneath the black birds.”

This speech although not intrinsically so interesting, is, considered as the language of a mere sailor, certainly worthy of remark.

While looking out upon the waves my mind recalled the fact that there are pirates* on the sea ; and while thinking how wide the ocean is and how fearful are all the circumstaues surrounding us, my hair became perfectly white and I felt as though I had actually spent seventy or eighty years at sea ! In this frame of mind I composed the following :

“ Prithee, headman of yonder island
Out in the wide, wide sea,
Of the billows white or the snow on my locks,
Which may the whiter be ? ”

“ Here, helmsman,” said I, “ pray take this stanza and go and inquire of the headman over there.”

* Tsurajuki, as Governor of Tosa had attacked and subdued the pirates on their voyages of devastation, and now that he was no longer in authority he anticipated uprisals on their part.

22*d.*—Having left last night's anchorage, we are now bound for another port. Rising in the distance before us, we can see a lofty mountain with its scenery.

There is a little lad, nine years of age, on the ship, whose intelligence scarcely equals his years. Seeing that as the vessel advanced in its course the mountains also seemed to move, he made an odd sort of verse which runs as follows :

“ As I look from the ship with its hurrying oars
The very hills on the ocean shores
Are hastening too ; and as they go,
Do the pine-trees feel and know ? ”

The stanza composed by this child is certainly an appropriate one.

The sea has been very tempestuous to-day ; so that along the coast it seemed as though snow-flakes were falling, and many flowers of the wave being in full bloom, some one was led to compose these lines ;

“ If we heedfully list to the sound of the billows
And note but their voices alone,
We fancy them waves by a tempest up-blown.
But mark the white gleam of the waters, and lo !
They gather the semblance of blossoms or snow.”

23d.—The skies were clouded this morning and there was but little sunshine.

On hearing that there were pirates in this region we felt greatly alarmed and implored the gods and Buddha for succour in our need.

24th.—As the wind has been adverse we are still in the same place.

25th.—As the wind blew from the north to-day, the helmsman and sailors declared the weather bad and refused to proceed.

They were in great trouble also lest the pirates should overtake the ship.

26th.—Whether the rumor was true or not I do not know ; but it was said that the pirates were actually coming after us, so we had no other resort than to go out to sea at midnight.

There chanced to be a small shrine on the coast along which we were passing ; and we asked the man at the rudder to offer up “nusa ”* to the gods in our behalf.

The nusa when scattered abroad was carried eastward by the wind, whereupon the helmsman

* For “nusa” see dictionary. The “nusa” used by those who lived in the days of Tsuyuki is said to have been silk of various colors ; cut in fragments, it was scattered abroad as an offering to the gods.

thus supplicated the gods : “ Thanks are offered unto you, O gods ! I entreat your aid that I may be enabled to row this ship in the direction taken by the scattered nusa. Condescend, I implore you, to hear and grant my petition ! ”

On hearing these supplications, a little girl composed this stanza :

“ O god of those who travel upon the wide, wide sea,
The wind which wafts the nusa we offer up to thee
Unceasing cause to blow, and speed us on our way—
Grant this, I humbly pray.”

Just after this poem was composed, the wind improved and the seamen were wonderfully proud and boastful over the success of their efforts, bustling about, hoisting sail, and making a great noise in various ways. This stir and confusion delighted both the children and their elders ; for they had been so long on board, that they were full of joy at getting on their way.

In the general delight, an old woman of the island of Awaji produced the following :

“ As the fair breeze blows, the good ship goes
Swift speeding o’er the sea
And the sails uplifted clap their hands
In merry, madcap glee.”

For this favorable weather the ship's company rejoicingly gave thanks to the gods.

27th.—The waves being rough to-day, the ship did not venture out. All on board, dreading lest the violent gale should continue, were in sore dismay.

A certain person composed a Chinese poem, the purport of which was as follows :

“ As we gaze on the sun in the heavens, 'tis near us—
Distant the capital hid from our vision.” *

Upon this a certain woman also composed the following stanza :

“ Even the sun in the heavenly spaces,
Discerned by our vision, seems near ;
But long to our thoughts is the path leading homeward—
Distance full drear.”

Some one else added the following lines on the same theme :

* Some one asked an intelligent little child, which was nearer, the sun or the capital. “ The capital,” replied the child, “ because we can go there, but cannot go to the sun.” However, on being questioned further, the little one declared finally that the sun was nearer than the capital because the people can see the former plainly, while the latter was hidden from sight. The lines of course refer to this incident.

“The winds awake to blow
 With never-ceasing motion,
 And far before us lies our track—
 The billowy path of ocean.”

There has been a steady gale during the whole day; and, at last, the passengers, out of all patience at the state of affairs, have unanimously snapped their fingers in sheer disgust and gone to sleep.

28th.—The rain fell all night and has not ceased to-day.

29th.—The weather being bright and clear to-day, the ship proceeded on her way, and in consequence everybody felt well and in good spirits.

Happening to notice how long my nails had grown on shipboard, I counted the days and discovered that it is the day of the Rat.* As it is not the proper time, I have not cut them.

Remembering that the day of the Rat in the first month is a holiday at the capital, I felt

* The “day of the Rat” in the first month, was a holiday which the people celebrated by procuring young pines which they planted with much rejoicing as emblems of long and happy life. As Tsurayuki found the day an inappropriate one for cutting his nails the reader may be glad to know that cutting the finger nails was perfectly proper on the day of the Ox, and that the day of the Tiger could be devoted to cutting the toe nails.

anxious to celebrate it, but in default of a pine tree, could not do as I desired.

A certain woman tried to compose a stanza on the occasion, but being on shipboard, the theme proved a difficult one so that the lines have little merit.

“Whether this day can really be
The day of the Rat is a puzzle.—Ah me!
Were a fish-wife but here she might drag from the waters
A sea pine to cheer us with festival glee.”

On hearing the above stanza somebody else said: “How will this do?”

“To-day I should pluck on the moor of Kasuga,
The fresh-springing greens as of yore;
Yet I gather them not, for we row far away
From Kasuga, my own native shore.”

While we thus beguiling the time by composing stanzas and the like, the vessel gradually pursued her way and we arrived at a place most charming on account of its scenery. When I asked its name, I was told it was a harbor called Tosa. A woman on board who in former days had lived in the province of Tosa said concerning the place: “My heart stirs with regret, since in old times my

home was for a while in Tosa." So saying she gave vent to her feelings in these words :

" Full many a year passed o'er me
 In the olden home whose name is borne
 By the port that lies before me,
 And the very waves as they come and go
 Seem sad to me in their ebb and flow."

30th.—No rain, and the wind has not blown to-day.

Hearing that pirates do not put out to sea in the night-time, we ourselves set forth about midnight, the ship passing Awa-no-Mito* in her course. It was pitch-dark and we could not tell the east from the west, so that men and women alike, feeling their lives to be in deadly peril, earnestly supplicated the gods for protection. About the hour of the Tiger,† the ship made her way past the island called Mijima, and, passing Tanagawa, rapidly pursued her course till she reached the seas of the Idzumi country.

There has not been even the semblance of a wave on the ocean to-day, a favor vouchsafed, I believe, by the special grace of the gods.

* Place of famous whirlpools.

† Hour of the Tiger about 4 a. m.

On counting the days we have been on board ship, I found that they numbered exactly nine and thirty; and as we have come thus far in safety, there is no longer reason to fear pirates or anything else.

1st Day, Second Month.—It rained a little this morning, but ceased entirely at the hour of the Horse,* so that the vessel was rowed on in her course, passing through the seas of the Idzumi country.

There has been neither wind nor wave to-day.

On seeing the pine-groves of Kurosaki,† we found our way thither; and, as the name of place was "*black*" while the pine trees were green in their hue, and snow-white waves were breaking on a beach strewn with rose-tinted shells, I greatly desired to discover exactly the five‡ tints in the landscape, but to my regret one was lacking.

Amid such scenery as this, we found our way to the coast of Hako, and as there was no wind the

* 12 o'clock (noon).

† Literally—Black Cape; hence Tsurayuki takes the name *black* to fill out the list of colors.

‡ The "go-shiki" or five tints are as follows; white, yellow, red green, and black.

sailors dragged the ship along by means of ropes attached to it.

The following is a stanza composed by some one :

“ By Hako’s coast of beauty rare
When ocean waves are calm and fair,
To all who gaze, the waters seem
A radiant mirror as they gleam.”

At this, the chief personage on the ship said :
“ It is cause for annoyance and regret that we have
thus reached the Second month on board ship ” ;
and, so saying, produced these lines :

“ Spring days dragged out to cable-length—
Full forty days and more—
I’ve spent on ship by cable dragged
Along the shore.”

Those who heard this stanza evidently did not consider it a remarkable effort, but, in their hearts, thought it just like the merest commonplace talk ; however, as a person of such consequence had produced the lines by dint of much turning and twisting, all united in words of admiration and pronounced them good. If they chose to be of so perverse a temper in spite of the fact that the

chief of all the ship's company had, after most desperate efforts, at length composed a poem which he considered good, why then, I felt that there was no resource left me and, privately grumbling, ceased my attempts at verse-making.

A wind suddenly sprang up after this, and the waves rose high, so that we were obliged to stop.

2nd.—The weather has been rainy, and the wind has not ceased to blow ; therefore, all day long we have been engaged in supplicating the gods.

3rd.—The surface of the sea was as rough as it was yesterday, so that we did not go out of the harbor.

While watching the waves driven by the force of the wind, now lashing the shores and now retreating from them, I gave vent to my melancholy mood in the following lines :

“Should I twist for me strands of hempen thread,
 ’Twere vain, ’twere vain—
 The best of my endeavor—
 For the falling tear gems each from each,
 I could not hope to sever ;
 Nor link these drops of jewel-rain
 In one again.”

Aside from the composition of this stanza, I did nothing else to-day, and at length the day declined and the sun set.

4th.—The helmsman declared to-day that the wind and clouds were threatening, and in consequence he refused to take the ship out to sea ; but in spite of his unfavorable opinion, neither wind nor wave arose during the live-long day, which proves to my mind that he is a beggarly old grand-daddy, who knows precious little about the state of the weather.

Here, at this port, the coast is covered with a variety of shells and stones of different tints ; but, while gazing upon these beautiful things, the mother's thoughts have been only with her lost child. Under these circumstances the following poem was composed :

“ Ah ! shoreward-surgin
Wave of the sea,
Shell of forgetfulness
I'd pluck from thee.
Child of my fond regret
I would awhile forget ;
Bearing the boon I crave,
Draw nigh to me, O wave.”

Some one who heard this stanza, moved by its pathos, gave utterance to the words which follow :

“ Shell of forgetfulness
Seek not to gather !
Keep this thy fond regret
Close-cherished rather !
Grief for thy jewel white
Be in thy heart enshrined,
Like some memento sweet,
She left behind
When severed from thy sight.”

In thinking of my child, my parental heart had grown like the heart of a child ; but as others seemed to say by their looks that this praise of my darling was excessive, I felt ashamed ; yet, in truth,* her dead face seemed to me so wondrously beautiful that my boastful pride cannot be so very unreasonable.

We have been greatly concerned to-day over our having to remain in the same place ; and with reference to this a certain woman composed a stanza ;

* Reference is here made to the Japanese saying “ The face of the dead child always fair.”

“ The long days come and go,
 And yet we cannot lave our hands
 In this Idzumi’s* flow.
 How clear and cold its waters are
 Alas ! we may not know ;
 Nor draw from depths that lie afar.”

5th.—To-day, at length, after the exercise of a great deal of patience on our part, the ship succeeded in making her way out of the seas of the Idzumi country, it being our intention to direct her course toward the port of Otsu.

As we gazed upon the shores, we saw, far and near, the pine groves of Otsu stretching along by the sea, and thus we seemed to be stationary, as they were beside us all the time. In distress at this fact I produced these lines :

“ We journey on our course ; and yet
 We linger still to my regret ;
 For like the lengthened skeins of hemp
 Twisted by woman’s hands,
 So stretch the groves of pine that edge
 Otsu’s far-reaching sands.”

“ Pray,” cried I, “ row the ship fast ! Do make haste, as the weather is good.”

* A play on the word “ Idzumi,” which also means a spring, occurs in this stanza.

The helmsman, at this command, in his turn gave orders to the sailors in the following terms :

“ From the ship’s master now comes and order ;
While the north wind of the morning is quiet,
Pull the ship on at good speed with the cable.”

As this was the spontaneous language of the helmsman and had naturally taken the form of verse, it is quite wonderful ; and yet the man had not the air, in the least, of boastfully saying to himself, “ There now ! I’ve made a poem.”

Those who heard it said to each other in astonishment, “ Why ! that sounds like a stanza ” ; and sure enough when they counted the syllables, they found them to be exactly the right number—thirty-one.

All day long we have been entreating the gods in this wise : “ O gods, we implore you, permit not the winds and waves to arise ! ”

In token that they have heard our petitions, the wind has not risen and the waves have been calm, while great flocks of gulls have been sporting upon their surface.

As we are now nearing Kyoto, a child on board, overjoyed at the thought, composed a verse :

"Since we have been praying,
 The wind has been still,
 And yet I'm in trouble,
 And take it quite ill
 That only the seagulls
 Are plain in my sight ;
 For I fancy them rising waves
 Crested with white."

While we were interested in this effusion, the ship gradually advancing reached Ishidzu, whose pine groves are exceedingly picturesque, as well as its long stretch of seacoast which extended far before our vision, as we proceeded on our way.

Our course, also, led us past the shores of Sumiyoshi ; and at this point a certain person produced this stanza :

"Since I have viewed the pines that grow
 On Suminoye's shore,
 I've come my own estate to know—
 How I have e'en surpassed in years
 These pine trees old and hoar."

Here the mother who has not been able to forget her departed child even for one day or one moment, gave expression to her feelings in these words :

“ Oh that the ship would bear me straight to Suminoye’s
 strand,
 That culling sweet oblivion’s herb* my heart might
 understand
 Whether its leaves have power or no
 To heal my woe.”

It was not that she really desired to forget the dead, but only that her heart was too sore with grief, and she longed to allay the pangs of memory for one little hour ; and then to recall her darling to mind, and to think of her with sweetened sadness.

While this poem was being composed and my gaze dwelt here and there upon the scene, the waves suddenly grew tempestuous ; and, although the sailors pulled with a will, the ship was driven back by the power of wind and wave and wellnigh overturned. Then quoth the helmsman : “ This god of Sumiyoshi is a strange god, and it is likely that he has thus almost capsized the ship because he desires some offering from us.”

Alas ! Is such the fashion even of the gods, in our degenerate days ?

* The “ Herb of Forgetfulness ” corresponds in the verse of the Japanese poet with the river Lethe of which Western poets sing.

Whereupon the nusa was offered up, but in vain, for the billows far from subsiding only added to their fury, and as our situation grew more and more perilous, the helmsman said : " The nusa is not sufficient. Throw overboard, I beg of you, some treasure which is your especial delight."

" What shall I offer?" queried I. " My eye-balls are the most precious of my possessions, but then there are two of them, and as I have but one mirror it is far more valuable than they are." So saying, I cast my mirror, forthwith, out into the waters. Ah me ! A sorrowful thing it was to do ; but the winds and waves immediately grew calm, and the sea became like the surface of a mirror.

Under these circumstances some one composed the following :

" Ah ! well the god revealed his will
By wrath of stormy ocean,
Which, as the mirror sought its waves,
Quelled all its fierce commotion."

Beyond doubt this god is not one whose name is to be used lightly by poets in connection with young pines, the herb of forgetfulness, and the like ; but to be treated with proper reverence.

•

When I consider how the divine mind was revealed when the mirror was cast into the sea, it seems to me that our helmsman must have been pretty well acquainted with the will of the god!

6th —Passing by the posts that mark the channel, the ship has to-day entered the river,* so that those on board, old men, women, children, and all, with hands lifted to their foreheads, have rejoiced with grateful hearts. An old woman called Oiko, from the island of Awaji, who has suffered severely from seasickness, hearing that we were approaching Kyoto, at length succeeded in raising her head from the bottom of the ship and produced this stanza :

“ When, oh, when the ship should reach
Naniwa's far-distant beach,
Oft I wondered in distress.
Now with struggling oars we press
Through the growth of river-reeds ;
Thus far has our good ship journeyed
On the way that homeward leads.”

As an invalid, contrary to all expectation, had been successful in making an attempt at poetry, the people wondered and laughed over it. The

* The Yodogawa, the well-known river of “ Naniwa,” or Ōsaka.

master of the ship, who has also been a great sufferer, said to her: "You've been miserably seasick, and have made a very wry face about it; but, in sooth, this fine effusion of yours bears no resemblance to your face."

7th.—To-day as we were ascending the mouth of the river, at the place called Kawajiri, we found the waters very shallow, so that our passage was a matter of extreme difficulty.

Although this was the case, the invalid master of the ship, who is, to tell the truth, a hard-hearted, stubborn sort of mortal, did not mind, in the least, the hard work which the poor sailors had, but amused himself over the old woman's stanza, considering it a very interesting effort; and, exultant concerning his return to Kyoto, racked his own brains, and at length succeeded in producing an effusion which runs as follows:

"To journey thus for many a day,
And then to find the river-way
Beset with shallows in this place,
We take it hard—the ship and I—
And are, to-day, in doleful case."

These lines bear evidence of having been inspired by the dismal state of their author's health.

As one stanza was insufficient, however, to express his feelings, he composed another to the following effect :

“ I long so for a swift return,
 Sure it must be
 That this our good ship's sore distress
 Is meant for me.
 It has a grudge for me apart—
 The cruel water's shallow heart ! ”

This poem was probably due to excess of joy at being so near the capital, but it must be confessed that it is not equal to the lines composed by the old woman from Awaji, and while I was feeling chagrined and envious about the matter, and thinking I would better not have said anything about my own effort, night drew on and we all retired to rest.

8th.—We are delayed at the river's side, unable to proceed.

As we cannot go on, we have stopped here at the Imperial Pastures called “ Torikai.” The Master of the ship is still suffering from his chronic distemper produced by life on board. Some one sent us, to-day, a trifling gift of some delicacy for which we gave him rice in return.

The men on the ship grumbled secretly to each other, saying,—“They have drawn a prize in the way of boiled rice, haven’t they? We are the losers. These transactions occurred at many places.

To-day being a holiday on which abstinence is proper; we have denied ourselves the use of fish.

9th.—The dawn found us in much trouble and concern. The ship was dragged along by ropes, ascending the river with the halting gait of a cripple, in truth, on account of the water having been confessed almost entirely disappeared. At last, however, we reached a place called Wada, where the roads fork.

Here we stopped, and dispatched servants to purchase rice, fish, and the like for our use, and, after they returned from their errands, started again upon our way. As we advanced, we took note of a royal pleasure-house which rose full in sight; and in gazing upon this ancient palace found exquisite pleasure; for even the mountains behind it were picturesque, covered as they were with pines, while in its courtyards the plum was blossoming.

Some of those who were looking upon this

scene, said : " In olden time this palace was a very famous one, and when Prince Koretaka came hither at one time for recreation, accompanied by His Excellency Narihira, the latter composed the following poem :

" ' Could the cherry fade forever
From the world, 'twould peaceful grow,
And the troubled heart of springtime
(Eager for the flowers to blow)
Calm itself to rest, I trow.' "

At this interesting spot, I also composed a poem to correspond, the words being as follows :

" Change after change hath touched the scene before me,
But though the ancient pines a thousand years have known,
Still all unchanged resound their voices lonely,
Breathing the selfsame melancholy tone."

Some one also composed another stanza which reads thus :

" Methinks the plum tree's blossoms must regret thee ;
While thus the ages pass thy dwelling o'er ;
For still they shed their ancient fragrance round it,
As sweet as in the far-off days of yore."

While passing the time in these poetic diversions, filled with joy, we gradually approached the capital. Among our number are some who,

absent for so long a time, were without children when they left it but are now returning with little ones born to them in the province. With these dear little ones in their arms, they went on shore and also frolicked with the children when on board ; so that, at sight of their happiness, she who was once a mother but now bereaved, was unable to contain her grief.

A stanza which she composed in regard to this, is as follows :

“ O grievous smart
Of this sad thought, how one who bore
Her darling hence should evermore
Be thus bereft, while some to-day,
Who took no little ones away,
Return with children, glad of heart ! ”

These words she uttered with bitter tears. Had the father of the lost child chanced to hear them, what anguish would have been his ! It was a poem that came from this heart ; for she who composed it did not do so merely from love of verse-making. In Japan, and China as well, humanity, when moved by sorrow, tells its bitter grief in verse. * * * *

We stopped to-night at a place called Udono.

10th.—Owing to some hindrance to-day the ship could not further ascend the river.

11th.—There was a little rain to-day, but as it ceased after a time, the ship began her course up the river. As we were proceeding on our way, we noticed a sloping height, and on inquiry being made concerning it, some one replied that yonder was the shrine* of Yawata, Yamashiro province. On hearing this, all on board worshiped and paid due reverence to the god.

When we caught sight of the bridge of Yamazaki, there was no limit to the joy and exultation of all the company. At this place there is a Buddhist temple called Sooji, and here we stopped for a short time to make some preparations for our return to Kyoto.

By the temple grow a number of willows, and chancing to notice their shadows in the water, some one composed this stanza :

“ The rippling waves that come and go
 Make fairy patterns, as they flow
 (A web of mingled shade and sheen)—
 And since 'tis thus, they weave, I trow,
 The shadow-thread of willows green.”

* The war god Hachiman.

12th.—We are still at Yamazaki.

13th.—At the same place.

14th.—It rained to-day. Sent to Kyoto for a conveyance.*

15th.—The vehicle which I sent for came to-day.

Indisposed, and disgusted with my long stay on shipboard, I landed and visited the house of a certain person from whom I received a cordial welcome, the household apparently being greatly pleased, and entertaining me very hospitably. The feast provided for me by the master of the house was, indeed, so generous that I felt sorry for his trouble in making such a display.

I made also a number of preparations for my return, but the people of the house, although kept busy running hither and thither on various errands, showed no signs of disgust; but, on the contrary, aided me with the utmost politeness and assiduity.

16th.—We began our ride toward the capital at midnight.

As we passed the shops of Yamazaki, I noticed

* A bullock cart, such as was used by the ancient nobles.

that the very pictures on the small boxes, and various articles were just as of old; but as to the hearts of the people engaged in selling these, I am obliged to confess that I do not know whether they are still the same or not.

When we at length reached Shimasaka, on our road to Kyoto, friends who had come from there to greet us, met us and provided a great feast for our entertainment. I felt really sorry for all their trouble; but I could not help thinking how it was at the time I went away, when the people thus met and treated me with such kindness on my return. In spite, however, of the contrast, I thanked them with due courtesy.

As we intended to enter Kyoto by night, we did not hasten, so that when we crossed the Katsuragawa, it was by the light of the moon. Here some of the company said: "This stream is not like the Asukagawa* for its deep places and shallows are still the same."

Whereupon somebody composed the lines which follow:

* Referring to a proverbial expression which makes the Asukagawa the type of fickleness and change, with its varying deeps and shallows which are never the same from day to day.

“Still in the moon of yon heaven,
 The boughs of the Katsura* glow.
 Still unchanged in the Katsura River
 Its image is mirrored below.”

Some one else also composed a stanza :

“Far as the clouds in the heaven above me,
 Thus seemed the Katsura, longed for in vain,
 Now I cross o’er it—sleeve wet in its waters—
 Joyful at heart that I view them again.”

Then followed still another poetic effusion :

“We are still unchanged, my heart and the river,
 The same though the long years come and go—
 We are still unchanged ; and, methinks, forever
 Our course with an equal depth will flow.”

On account of our excessive joy over returning to the capital, the poems were also in excess. Gradually, however, the darkness of the night deepened, so that we could no longer discern the famous places that lay along our route ; but we were glad, nevertheless, seeing that we had at last actually entered Kyoto.

As I passed through the gateway of my home,

* The Katsura tree, supposed to grow in the moon, has already been referred to in a note appended to this translation.

the moon shone forth clear and bright so that the scene around me appeared in vivid outlines. Everything had fallen into disrepair and ruin, to a greater extent even than I had been advised of while in Tosa.

The desolation around seemed to indicate that the heart of the person in charge was likewise rude and barbarous. His house was separated from mine only by a fence; he had therefore asked permission to care for the place during my absence, and accordingly I consented to his request.

At every opportunity while in Tosa, I sent him money and other gifts; in token of gratitude. To-night, however, on seeing the neglected condition of my home, my retainers would have made loud complaints to our neighbor; but I restrained them, and though it is most vexatious, shall proffer him an acknowledgement with proper courtesy.

The grounds were, for the most part, in desolate and melancholy ruin. In what had once been a pond were ridges of earth and deep hollows where water was standing. Beside it leaned a large pine-tree over which in the space of five or six years, a thousand years seemed to have

passed. One great branch had entirely disappeared, and young shoots of pine mingled their boughs with the branches of the old tree.

"What a dismal-looking scene!" cried those who were with me. "It is a home for one to think of with regret", said they, albeit there were no sad memories to haunt them as they gazed upon it.

It was in this home that the little girl was born, whose fate it has been never to return; and how great, therefore, my agony of regret! My companions from the ship with their children clasped in their arms stood by, talking gaily and making sport of my forlorn house in various ways; and while they were thus chatting together, my grief deepened and grew more and more unbearable, till, at length, I said to one who knew my heart:

"A mournful sight it is to see
The young pines growing on this spot,
While one born in my dwelling here
Returneth not—returneth not."

These lines did not fully express all the anguish of my heart and I added the stanza which follows:

"I would that she who saw the pines
Had shared with them their thousand years."

Then had there been no long farewell
 With all its bitter woe and tears."

Concerning this sorrow in the past, there are many painful things, hard to forget ; but I cannot by any possibility express them all with their full force. They are beyond words. * * *

However, it may be I will at once destroy this foolish manuscript, that no other eye may see it.
 * * * * *

[A commentator adds in explanation, that doubtless, Tsurayuki's mind was bewildered in "the dark night of his sorrow", as he recalled his lost child, and he had therefore, too fully revealed his feelings. For this reason, or, possibly from modesty he determined to destroy the diary.]



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